A New BALLAD,

With the Definition of the Word

TORY.

THe Word *Tory's* of *Iriſh* Extraction,
'Tis a Legacy they have left here,
They came here in their Brogues,
And have acted like Rogues,
In endeavouring to learn us to Swear.
Thoſe Papiſts, I may rather ſay Atheiſts,
Was ſent with a Sham to the Town,
To Swear one Plot up and another Plot down.

With a thick *Iriſh* Air, like the ſame that they Swear,
Contradiction in every Line;
But this I conclude, their underſtanding's not good,
Their Reaſon's left in *Ireland* behind.

Towzer.
I will Write on and Sham as I have begun.

Thomſon.
And I will Lie in Print as you have done.

Church of ENGLAND.
There's nothing eſſential that divides us two.

PRESBYTER.
Let us combine againſt the common Foe.

To the Tune of *Hey Boys up go we.*

SEE how the *Tories* drives their Trade,
Clokes all with Fourty One,
As all the Rogueries of that Age
By *Presbyter* was done:
But if you'l trace them to the place
Where firſt they did agree,
You'l find the Plot was laid at *Rome*
To deſtroy the Monarchey.

The Jubilies that was held there
For th' deſtruction of this Land,
A Thouſand Maſſes was prepar'd
To keep up the holy Band;
A *League* or *Covenant* you may call't,
Judge which will beſt agree,
Was hatcht at *Rome*, tranſported here,
To deſtroy our Monarchey.

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The Second Part to the ſame Tune.

At *Richelius* Cloſet had ſecond Birth,
And privatly ſent hether
To breed diſſention in Church and State,
We one might hate another.
It may trouble every Proteſtant
That theſe things e're ſhould be,
Their ſhaming Plots would cut our Throats
To deſtroy the Monarchey.

And yet they're the Sham-pretenders
That balls out the *Old Cauſe*,
And ſwears they're the great defenders
And ſupporters of our Laws:
They'l defend the King by ſwearing round
God Dam them it ſhall be,
And add the Croſs to the Tripple-Crown
To ſupport the Monarchey.

They're not aſham'd of *Eighty-Eight*,
Or the *Gun-powder Plot*;
The *Iriſh-Maſſacre* is dead,
And quite with them forgot;
They have forgot thoſe Stratagems
Did not with us agree,
They us'd the means, but loſt the ends
To deſtroy the Monarchey.

And now they act it o're again,
Their ſham deſigns, to bring
Theſe Kingdoms in a Civil War,
Swear they'l preſerve the King.
Thinks all their former faults forgot;
But he that reads may ſee,
They Plot to Live, and Live by Plot
To deſtroy our Monarchey.

This Holy and Religious Church
Directs them in this way,
To ſwear they will defend the the King
By making us there prey.
The Church of *England* it muſt down
As well as *Presbytree*,
Becauſe it doth defend the Crown
Of our great Monarchey.

L' Eſtrange, their Engliſh Bellarmine
Writ on in their defence,
And ſcandalous *Thompſon* Prints the ſame,
Who never yet knew ſence.
St. *Omers* Hedg-burds go to work,
And make it there Decree,
To preſerve the King by pulling down
The Engliſh Monarchey.

By Diſpenſation from the Pope
We will ſet up another,
A King that never ſhall revoke
The Holy Church his Mother;
We'l extinguiſh all that Scottiſh Race
Which favours Hereſie,
Set up a *Roman* in his place,
In our great Monarchey.

The Penal Statutes they ſhall down,
Which long has bore the ſway,
High Maſs be ſung in every Church,
Proſeſſions every way;
We'l Reform the Church by dint of Sword
Since the Keys they will not do,
We'l make the Whigs dance a new Jigg,
And to the Altar bow.

But Heavens preſerve our great Monarch,
With the Partner of his Bed,
May *Britains* Diadem laſtingly
Sit faſt on *Charles* his Head:
While that the Sun and Moon endures,
In this let us agree,
To Defend the King and preſerve the Laws
Of this great Monarchey.

FINIS.

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